

IN OMAHA.

The Art Loan exhibition opened on Wednesday on the upper floor of the library building. It is the best one that has ever been held here and reflects a good deal of credit upon Omaha.

Bowling parties that were so popular last winter have been resumed. Mr. Pierre Garneau was host at a very delightful one on Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Musicales gave their first recital of the season on Tuesday.

The Ethiopian Songsters, in other words the young women minstrels, are proceeding in a way that insures success. There will be over fifty in the chorus, which is being trained by Mrs. Cotton. Mrs. McConnell, who so ably managed a performance of the same kind in Council Bluffs is stage manager.

Mrs. Robert W. Patrick has returned from a short trip to Boston and New York.

On Sunday General Brooke left for Harrisburg, Pa.

Assistant Secretary of War, Joseph B. Doe spent Sunday here. He is on a tour of inspection. While here Fort Omaha and Cook were visited.

Dr. Henry McEldery spent Tuesday here enroute to his new station at Fort Robinson. His twenty days leave has been spent in and around his old home, Baltimore.

Mrs. Everett of Council Bluffs gave a small reception on Monday at which a number of Omaha people were bidden.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates and Miss Jentie Yates went east on Saturday.

Miss Nash and Miss Mary Nash expect to go to Chicago and Detroit the early part of the week. Miss Adeline Nash will return to her school in New York at the same time.

Miss Dewey is at home from Washington, New York and Saratoga.

Mr. R. S. Berlin spent a few days of this week at St. Paul.

Mrs. Barker, wife of Colonel Barker, has arrived from Troy, New York. Col. and Mrs. Barker are at the Paxton for the present.

Miss Burke, of Salt Lake City, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John McShane for a few days enroute east.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Meikle will be at home every Tuesday evening from now on.

The study classes of the Woman's club that have been held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms will shortly have rooms of their own on the fourth floor of the Boston store block. They will open them next week with a tea when Miss Anthony is expected to be present.

Mr. Herman Kountze went to Texas on Monday.

Mr. Burt took a party on his private car to Sioux City for the races on Thursday.

Colonel Bache left for the east this week.

Major Charles Humphrey has gone in the private car of Assistant Secretary of War Doe on his inspection tour to Fort Leavenworth, Riley, St. Louis and Chicago.

Miss Kountze has returned from the east.

Ladies half wool vests and pants not \$1.00 but 75 cents each at Herpolsheimer & Co.—this is a fine thread wool.

The best advertiser is the satisfied customer. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we will sell 7c dark points short lengths for 3½ cents; 10c heavy otis shirting for 6 cents; 8c linen towels for 4 cents; 25c ladies ribbed pants for 15 cents; \$1.50 child's cloak for 99 cents; \$1.75 ladies wrapper for \$1.25. Herpolsheimer & Co.

NOTES OF VANITY FAIR.

A GREAT CARNATION is the title of a little book just issued by Appleton. It is written in the vein of Oscar Wilde and Whistler and reeks with cynicism and epigram. Some of the sayings are clever.

"Lord Reggie," one of the central characters of the book says: "If we choose carefully, we become deliberative at once; and nothing is so fatal to personality as deliberation. When I am good it is my mood to be good; when I am what is called wicked it is my mood to be evil. I never know what I shall be at a particular moment. Sometimes I like to sit at home after dinner and read 'The Dream of Gerontius.' I love lentils and cold water sometimes; at other times I must drink absinthe, and hang the right hour's with scarlet embroidery. I must have music and the sins that march to music. There are moments when I desire squalor, sinister, mean surroundings, dreariness and misery. The great unwashed mood is upon me. Then I go out from luxury. The mood has its West End and its Whitechapel. The thoughts sit in the park, but sometimes they go slumming. They enter narrow courts and rookeries. They rest in unimaginable dens seeking contrast, and they like the ruffians whom they meet there, and they hate the notion of polite men keeping order. The mind governs the body. I never know how I shall spend an evening till the evening has come. I wait for my mood."

"Lord Reggie" and his friend Esme Amaranth are prime movers in Vanity Fair; albeit the sentiments they breathe would have made Thackeray with all his alleged cynicism turn pale.

Amaranth discusses marriage with Reggie: "Marriage might cause you to develop, and then I should lose you. Marriage is a sort of forcing house. It brings strange sins to fruit, and sometimes strange renunciations. The renunciations of marriage are like white lillies—bloodless, impurely pure, as anaemic as the soul of a virgin, as cold as the face of a corpse. I should be afraid for you to marry Reggie! So few people have sufficient strength to resist the preposterous claims of orthodoxy. They promise and vow three things—is it three things you promise and vow in matrimony, Reggie?—and they keep their promise. Nothing is so fatal to a personality as the keeping of promises, unless it be telling the truth. To lie finely is an art, to tell the truth is to act according to Nature, and Nature is the first of the Pailistines. Nothing on earth is so absolutely middle class as Nature. She always reminds me of Clement Scott's article in the *Daily Telegraph*. No! Reggie, do not marry unless you have the strength to be a bad husband."

Reggie replies: "I have no intention of being a good one."—"And his blue eyes looked strangely poetic under the frosty gleam of the electric light, and his strange pale yellow hair shone like an aureole round the head of some modern saint." "I have no intention of being a good one. It is only people without brains who make good husbands. Virtue is generally merely a form of deficiency just as vice is an assertion of intellect. Shelley showed that poetry was in his soul more by his treatment of Harriet than by his writing of 'Adonais;' and if Byron had never broken his wife's heart, he would have been forgotten even sooner than he has been. No, Esme, I shall not make a good husband."

"Lady Locke would make a good wife."

"Yes, it is written in her face. That is the worst of virtues. They show. One cannot conceal them."

"Yes, when I was a boy at school I remember so well I had a virtue. I was fond of going to church. I can't tell why. I think it was the music, or the painted windows, or the preacher. He had a face like the face of seven devils; so exquisitely chiseled. He looked as if he were always seeking rest and finding none.

"He was really a clergyman of some importance, the only one I ever met. I was fond of going to church and I was in agony lest some strange expression should come into my face and tell my horrible secret. I dreaded above all lest my mother should ever get to know it. It would have made her so happy."

In the same conversation Amaranth says: "I believe that money is gradually becoming extinct, like the Dodo, or 'Dodo.' It is vanishing off the face of the earth. Soon we shall have people writing to the papers to say that money has been seen at Richmond or the man who always announces the premature advent of the cuckoo to his neighborhood will communicate the fact that one spring day he heard two capitalists singing in a wood near Esher. One hears now